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Entertaining Nobelties;

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TOMB OF THE THREE KINGS OF COLOGNE.

(From "The Pilgrims of the Rhine.")

The Rhine.

THE PILGRIMS OF THE RHINE.

By the Author of *Pelham*, &c.

[OUR revisit to this *bijou* of the publishing season is chiefly for the purpose of quoting one of its exquisite engravings, as above. The original drawing is by Mr. D. Roberts; and in transferring it to our pages, labour has not been spared to render justice to that meritorious artist. By way of accompaniment we quote that chapter of the tour which relates to]

COLOGNE.

ROME—magnificent Rome! wherever the pilgrim wends, the traces of thy dominion greet his eyes. Still, in the heart of the bold German race, is graven the print of the eagle's claws; and amidst the haunted regions of the Rhine, we pause to wonder at the great monuments of the Italian yoke.

At Cologne our travellers rested for some days. They were in the city to which the camp of Marcus Agrippa had given birth: that spot had resounded with the armed tread of the legions of Trajan. In that city, Vitellius, Sylvanus, were proclaimed emperors. By that church, did the latter receive his death.

As they passed round the door, they saw some peasants loitering on the sacred ground; and when they noted the delicate cheek of Gertrude, they uttered their salutations with more than common respect. Where they then were, the building swept round in a circular form; and at its base it is supposed, by tradition, to retain something of the ancient Roman masonry. Just before them rose the spire of a plain and unadorned church—singularly contrasting the pomp of the old, with the simplicity of the innovating creed.

The Church of St. Maria occupies the site of the Roman Capitol; and the place retains the Roman name; and still something in the aspect of the people betrays the hereditary blood.

Gertrude, whose nature was strongly impressed with the venerating character, was singularly fond of visiting the old Gothic churches, which, with so eloquent a moral, unite the living with the dead.

"Pause for a moment," said Trevlyan, before they entered the church of St. Mary. "What recollections crowd upon us. On the site of the Roman Capitol, a Christian church and a convent are erected! By whom? The mother of Charles Martel—the conqueror of the Saracen—the arch hero of Christendom itself! And to these scenes and calm retreats, to the cloisters of the convent, once belonging to this church, fled the bruised spirit of a royal sufferer—the wife of Henry IV.—the victim of Richelieu—the unfortunate Mary de Medicis. Alas! the cell and

the convent are but a vain emblem of that desire to fly to God which belongs to distress; the solitude soothes; but the monotony recalls, regret. And for my own part, I never saw, in my frequent tours through Catholic countries, the still walls in which monastic vanity hoped to shut out the world, but a melancholy came over me! What hearts at war with themselves!—what unceasing regrets!—what pining after the past!—what long and beautiful years devoted to a moral grave, by a momentary rashness—an impulse—a disappointment! But in these churches the lesson is more impressive and less sad. The weary heart has ceased to ache—the burning pulses are still—the troubled spirit has flown to the only rest which is not a deceit. Power and love—hope and fear—avarice—ambition, they are quenched at last! Death is the only monastery—the tomb is the only cell; and the grave that adjoins the convent is the bitterest mock of its futility!"

"Your passion is ever for active life," said Gertrude. "You allow no charm to solitude; and contemplation to you, seems torture. If any great sorrow ever come upon you, you will never retire to seclusion as its balm. You will plunge into the world, and lose your individual existence in the universal rush of life."

"Ah, talk not of sorrow!" said Trevlyan, wildly—"let us enter the church."

They went afterward to the celebrated cathedral, which is considered one of the noblest ornaments of the architectural triumphs of Germany; but it is yet more worthy of notice from the Pilgrim of Romance than the searcher after antiquity, for here behind the grand altar, is the Tomb of the THREE KINGS OF COLOGNE—the three worshippers, whom tradition humbled to our Saviour. Legend is rife with a thousand tales of the relics of this tomb. The Three Kings of Cologne are the tutelary names of that golden superstition, which has often more votaries than the religion itself from which it springs: and to Gertrude the simple story of Lucille sufficed to make her for the moment credulous of the sanctity of the spot. Behind the tomb three Gothic windows cast their "dim, religious light" over the tessellated pavement and along the Ionic pillars. They found some of the more credulous believers in the authenticity of the relics kneeling before the tomb, and they arrested their steps, fearful to disturb the superstition which is never without something of sanctity when contented with prayer, and forgetful of persecution. The bones of the Magi are still supposed to consecrate the tomb, and on the higher part of the monument the artist has delineated their adoration to the infant Saviour. (See the Engraving.)

[To this we add a few elegant passages:]

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Sails of Windmills.

There is something in the stilled sails of one of those inventions of man's industry peculiarly eloquent of repose; the rest seems typical of the repose of our own passions—short and uncertain, contrary to their natural ordination; and doubly impressive from the feeling which admonishes us how precarious is the stillness—how utterly dependent on every wind rising at any moment and from any quarter of the heavens!

Literary Fame.

It is in vain to tell the author that the public is the judge of his works. The author believes himself above the public, or he would never have written, and, continued Trevelyan, with enthusiasm, "he is above them; their fiat may crush his glory, but never his self-esteem. He stands alone and haughty amidst the wrecks of the temple he imagined he had raised 'TO THE FUTURE,' and retaliates neglect with scorn. But is this, the life of scorn, a pleasurable state of existence? Is it one to be cherished? Does even the moment of fame counterbalance the years of mortification? And what is there in literary fame itself present and palpable to its heir? His work is a pebble thrown into the deep; the stir lasts for a moment, and the wave closes up, to be susceptible no more to the same impression? The circle may widen to other lands and other ages, but around *him* it is weak and faint. The trifles of the day, the low politics, the base intrigues, occupy the tongue, and fill the thought of his contemporaries; he is less rarely conversed of than a mountebank, or a new dancer; his glory comes not home to him; it brings no present, no perpetual reward, like the applauses that wait the actor, or the actor-like mummer of the senate; and this which vexes, also lowers him; his noble nature begins to nourish the base vices of jealousy, and the unwillingness to admire. Goldsmith is forgotten in the presence of a puppet: he feels it, and is mean; he expresses it, and is ludicrous. It is well to say that great minds will not stoop to jealousy; in the greatest minds it is most frequent.* Few authors are ever so aware of the admiration they excite, as to afford to be generous; and this melancholy truth revolts us with our own ambition. Shall we be demigods in our closet, at the price of sinking below mortality in the world? No!"

Retirement.

Retirement is happy only for the poet, for

* See the long list of names furnished by D'Israeli, in that most exquisite work, "The Literary Character," vol. ii. p. 75. Plato, Xenophon, Chaucer, Corneille, Voltaire, Dryden, the Caracci, Domenico Venetiano, murdered by his envious friend, and the gentle Castillo fainting away at the genius of Murillo. Let us add Wordsworth, cold to the lyre of Byron; and Byron at once stealing from Wordsworth, and ridiculing while he stole.

to him it is *not* retirement. He secedes from one world but to gain another, and he finds not *ennui* in seclusion—why?—not because seclusion hath *repose*, but because it hath *occupation*.

Travelling Acquaintance.

What tries the affections of people for each other so severely as a journey together. That perpetual companionship from which there is no escaping, that confinement, in all our moments of ill-humour and listlessness, with persons who want us to look amused—ah, it is a severe ordeal for friendship to pass through! A post chaise must have jolted many an intimacy to death.

The Baby.

THE SEA SERVICE.

By the Author of "A Year in Spain."

[We quote half a dozen of the most animated pages of this little volume; premising only that the writer is a young American.]

Among many naval battles that shed lustre on our annals during the late war, we shall only mention two of the most brilliant, in which, though our forces were decidedly inferior, the victories were speedy and complete. One was a battle of single ships, the other of fleets.

The Wasp and Frolic.

Shortly after the declaration of war, the United States' sloop Wasp, mounting eighteen guns, and commanded by Captain Jones, fell in at sea with the British sloop Frolic, mounting twenty-two guns, and commanded by Captain Whineyates. The superiority of the Frolic in metal consisted of four long twelve pounders, and her superiority in crew and other respects was proportionate. Notwithstanding this extreme disparity of force, Captain Jones did not a moment decline the encounter, when the enemy offered it. The Frolic began the action with her cannon and musketry, which the Wasp did not return until within pistol shot. The British fired high, and greatly crippled the spars of the Wasp, bringing down the main-top-mast, mizzen-top-gallant-mast, and gaff, and thereby seriously embarrassed all her evolutions. In return, the Americans were not idle; they fired low, hulling the Frolic at every shot, and making up in celerity of fire what they wanted in force. Meantime both vessels had approached so near that the rammers touched in loading the guns, and the shot took terrible effect; especially that of the Wasp, which had ranged ahead, and taken a raking position, so as to sweep the whole length of her adversary's deck. The carnage caused by this fire was so dreadful that the British seamen were driven from their quarters below. At this time Captain Jones, seeing that he

had the advantage, and dreading lest the crippled condition of his spars might enable the enemy to escape, determined to board, notwithstanding the danger which both vessels incurred, by encountering in so rough a sea. The helm was put up, and the Wasp ran across the bow of the Frolic. As they struck, Lieutenants Biddle and Rodgers rushed on board, sword in hand, at the head of the boarders. They found no enemies to oppose them; the decks were covered with mutilated limbs and bodies, and were slippery with blood. Three officers alone remained standing on the quarter deck; and they hastened to throw down their swords in signal of submission. The British ensign which remained flying was quickly hauled down by Lieutenant Biddle. Thirty of the British were found dead, and forty wounded; the Americans lost but ten killed and wounded. The disparity proves conclusively the superiority of our fire. The victory won, the wounded were dressed, and every exertion was made to clear the wreck to which both vessels had been so quickly reduced. The masts of both vessels had fallen by the board; and when, soon after, in an evil hour, the Poictiers British ship-of-the-line came in sight, and bore down upon them, escape and resistance were alike impossible. Both were captured.

Battle of Lake Erie.

The battle of Lake Erie, of which we shall now speak, was fought under singular circumstances. A few months before the 10th of September, 1813, on which day it occurred, we were without any naval force upon that inland sea. The canoe of the savage or the bark of the trader had alone floated upon its hitherto peaceful surface. But now war was to visit it; and the solitudes of nature, as yet accustomed only to reverberate the thunders of heaven, were to be disturbed by the more terrible engines of human wrath. The force with which Perry put forth to meet the British fleet, consisted of two large brigs, the *Lawrence* and *Niagara*, of twenty guns each, and seven smaller vessels, making in all a force of fifty-four guns and about six hundred men, a large number of whom were backwoodsmen, who had never before seen a ship. The British fleet, consisted of six vessels, mounting in all sixty-three guns, and near eight hundred men. It was commanded by Captain Barclay, a veteran officer, who had lost an arm at Trafalgar; whilst Perry, his antagonist, was almost a youth.—When the British came first in sight, they were to windward; but before the action commenced, the wind changed in favour of the Americans: it was light, with clear and beautiful weather. At eleven, the British were formed in a line on the wind, and the Americans bore gallantly down upon them, the *Lawrence*, which led the van, displaying from her mast-head the

dying words of the commander whose name she bore—"Don't give up the ship!" The order of attack had been accurately arranged; but in case of any interruption of it, Perry told his captains that he could not advise them better than in the words of Nelson—"If you lay your enemy alongside closely and quickly, you cannot be out of your place." At a little before noon the fire was opened upon the *Lawrence*; and it was not until some time after that her carronades would reach to return it. At length the battery was opened, and, the rest of the fleet not coming up, she remained during two hours exposed to the attack of nearly the whole British fleet. She was only supported by the small vessels *Caledonia*, *Ariel*, and *Scorpion*, which had been enabled to come up. The *Niagara*, Captain Elliot, equal to the *Lawrence* in force, and better manned, had been within hail of her shortly before the fire commenced. By backing her main-top-sail, however, she dropped so far astern, as to be in no condition to render assistance. The consequences to the *Lawrence* were dreadful; she was cut to pieces, and left a complete wreck: every gun, except one, which Perry himself assisted in firing, was dismounted, and scarce a dozen men remained who were not among the killed or wounded. To continue the action any longer in the *Lawrence* was a vain exposure of her few surviving men. But Perry was unwilling to surrender himself, and notwithstanding the increased disparity in favour of the British, which the destruction of the *Lawrence* occasioned, he did not yet despair of the victory. "The American flag," said he "shall not this day be hauled down from over my head."—He entered his boat, and put off from the *Lawrence*, and, under a deadly fire of grape and musketry showered upon him by the enemy, steered for the *Niagara*, standing erect in his boat, with his sword in one hand, and in the other his battle-flag of "Don't give up the ship."—Perry passed on unhurt, and, reaching the *Niagara*, he hoisted his flag anew, and bore down upon the enemy. Breaking through the British ships, he raked them at pistol-shot with both broadsides. In one of the ships the British seamen were driven from the deck by the deadliness of this fire; and, the other vessels of the squadron arriving opportunely to support the *Niagara*, the enemy's ships began one by one to haul down their colours, until at three o'clock not a single British ensign remained flying. The *Lawrence*, which had been compelled to strike soon after Perry removed his flag, was now enabled to rehoist her ensign. The American loss in killed and wounded amounted to 123; that of the British to 200: the number of prisoners exceeded that with which the Americans went originally into action. The treatment of these prisoners by the victors was

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not less a subject of commendation than their bravery during the battle. Captain Barclay, who had been severely wounded, was in a peculiar manner the subject of Perry's attentions, and he afterwards took occasion to speak of him in terms of equal commendation of his skill, his valour, and his humanity.

Poetry.

THE SEVEN TEMPTATIONS.

By Mary Howitt.

[This volume contains seven minor dramas, the aim and end of which is to paint in fitful scenes and fearful colours, a few of the trials to which the human soul is subjected in this lower world. The moral is excellent; for, in the words of the author's preface—]

We see the awful mass of sorrow and crime in the world, but we know only in part, in a very small degree, the fearful weight of solicitations and impulses of passion, and the vast constraint of circumstances, that are brought into play against suffering humanity. In the luminous words of my motto,

"What's done we partly may compute,
But know not what's resisted."—*Buras.*

Thus, without sufficient reflection, we are furnished with data on which to condemn our fellow-creatures, but without sufficient grounds for their palliation and commiseration. It is necessary for the acquisition of that charity, which is the soul of christianity, for us to descend into the depths of our own nature; to put ourselves into many imaginary and untried situations, that we may enable ourselves to form some tolerable notion how we might be affected by them; how far we might be tempted; how far deceived; how far we might have occasion to lament the evil power of circumstances, to weep over our own weakness, and pray for the pardon of our crimes; that having raised up this vivid perception of what we might do, suffer, and become, we may apply the rule to our fellows, and cease to be astonished in some degree, at the shapes of atrocity into which some of them are transformed; and learn to bear with others as brethren, who have been tried tenfold beyond our own experience, or perhaps our strength.

[The framework of the volume is as follows: Achzib, the liar, or the runner to and fro, a restless, ambitious spirit, who, hating good, covets distinction among the bad, proposes to two other of the lower order of spirits, to prove the supremacy of evil by selecting seven human beings, and tempting them according to their several natures. He first assails a poor scholar, "young, worn out with study, and as simple, unpractised, and inexperienced in the ways of men as a child," whom he tries to allure with specious philosophy and the love of fame; but fails in his

object, his attack being too direct: "the integrity of principle may be undermined, but is seldom taken by storm." The tempter passes on to a ruined votary of pleasure, whom he tempts with love of gold: he watches the gradual strengthening of the passion; the sealing up, as it were, of the heart against both God and man, and succeeds. The victim of the third temptation is from the bosom of affection, and enticed from the unsullied domestic hearth to ruin, by the sapping of principle, familiarity with vice, and the loosening of some one tie which had hitherto bound him to virtue; "for the first dereliction of duty, the first swerving aside from the integrity of virtue, is the act by which a human soul becomes the chartered victim of evil:" the tempter succeeds in leading him on from pleasure to crime, from robbery to murder or piracy. The fourth temptation is to persuade old age to murmur against Providence; but this is foiled by piety; for, as is beautifully observed: "old age finds a natural aliment in religion; and as its ties to the earth are sundered, the very necessities of its nature unite it more closely with heaven." The fifth essay is upon Raymond, "young and filled with high resolves, panting in the chase of fame," in which the tempter as a man of pleasure, succeeds. Philip of Maine, the sixth temptation, is the tempter working upon baffled ambition and mortified pride, writhing under a tyrannous ruler, and among an oppressed people, but falling by the treachery of his compatriots. The seventh tempted one is Teresa, whose grief for the loss of her child is overcome by faith; for "the dearly beloved child is often a snare to a parent's heart; it has been an idol between the soul and God, and he has sometimes mercifully taken the child to keep the parent from sin." The result of the tempter's mission is the exultation that he has proved the supremacy of evil, for, of the seven whom he has tried, he has won four; he cries, "Let me no longer be called Achzib the Liar, for I have proved that evil obtains a wider and more powerful agency than good. I have won four young men in the strength of manhood, and in the full force of intellect: I have lost only a poor scholar, an old man, and a woman!"

Of the dramatic merits of this work it is not convenient to quote any specimen; nor is such desirable. Every page abounds with vivid writing, and not overwrought description; but the strength of the writer does not lie in the dramatic developement, nor is the design adequately wrought out by the characters. Our extracts shall therefore be in detached beauties rather than entire scenes.]

CHOIR OF SPIRITUAL VOICES.

No more sighing,
No more dying,
Come with us, thou pure and bright!

Time is done,
Joy is won,
Come to glory infinite!
Hark! the angel-songs are pealing!
Heavenly mysteries are unsealing.
Come and see, oh come and see!

Here the living waters pour,
Drink and thou shalt thirst no more,
Dweller in eternity!
No more toiling, no more sadness!
Welcome to immortal gladness,
Beauty and unending youth!
Thou that hast been deeply tried,
And like gold had been purified,
Come to the eternal truth!
Pilgrim towards eternity,
Tens of thousands wait for thee,
Come, come!

THE RUINED LORD.

THAT was my home, the noble hall of Torres!
Mine were those meadows, yon bright lake was mine,
Where when a boy I fished, and swam, and hurled
Smooth pebbles o'er its surface; those green hills
Were mine, and mine the woods that clothed them;
This was my patrimony! a fair spot,
Than which this green and pleasant face of earth
Can show none fairer! With this did descend
An honourable name, the lord of Torres!
An unimpeachable and noble name,
Without a blot on its escutcheon,
Till it descended to a fool like me;
A spendthrift fool, who is become a proverb!
My father was a good and quiet man;
He wedded late in life; and I was born
The child of his old age; my mother's face
I knew not, saving in its gilded frame,
Where, in the chamber of her loving husband,
It hung before his bed. My father died
When I was in my nonage. Marvellous pains,
Reading of books, study, and exercise,
Made me, they said, a perfect gentleman:
Such was the lord of Torres three years since!
He rode, he ran, he hunted, and he hawked.
And all exclaimed, "a gallant gentleman!"
He had his gray companions, what of that?
They said that youth must have its revelries.
He laughed, he sang, he danced, he drank his wine,
And all declared, "a pleasant gentleman!"
They came to him in need, his many friends,
Money he had in plenty, it was theirs!
He paid their debts; he gave them noble gifts;
He feasted them; he said, "they are my friends,
And what I have is theirs!" and they exclaimed,
"Oh, what a noble, generous gentleman!"
He had his friends too, of another sort,
Fair women that seduced him with their eyes;
For these he had his fetes, his pleasant shows,
His banquetings in forest solitudes,
Beneath the green boughs, like the sylvan gods:
And these repaid him with sweet flatteries,
And with bewitching smiles and honeyed words!
The lord of Torres did outgo his rents;
His many friends had ta'en his ready cash;
"What then!" said they, "thy lands are broad and
rich,
Get money on them." Ah, poor thoughtless fool,
He listened to their counsels!—Feasts and gifts,
And needy friends, again have made him bare!
"Cut down thy woods!" said they. He cut them
down;
And then his wants lay open to the day,
And people said "this thriftless lord is poor!"
This touched his pride, and he grew yet more lavish.
"Come to my heart," said he, "my faithful friends;
We'll drink and laugh, to show we yet can spend!"
—"The woods are felled; the money is all spent;
What now remains?—The land's as good as gone,
The usurer doth take its yearly rent!"
So spake the lord again unto his friends:
"Sell house and all!" exclaimed the revellers.
The young lord went to his uneasy bed,

A melancholy man. The portraits old
Looked from their gilded frames as if they spoke
Silent upbraidings; all seemed stern but one,
That youthful mother, whose kind eye and smile
Appeared to say, Return, my son, return!

The lord of Torres is a thoughtful man:
His days are full of care, his nights of fear;
He heedeth not which way his feather sits;
He wears the velvet jerkin for the silk;
He hath forgot the roses in his shoes;
He drinks the red wine, and forgets the pledge;
He hears the jest, and yet he laugheth not;
Then said his friends "Our lord hath lost his wits,
Let's leave him ample space to look for them!"
They rode away, and left his house to silence;
The empty rooms echoed the closing doors;
The board was silent! silent was the court,
Save for the barking of the uneasy hounds.
Soon spread those friends the news of his distress!
And then again a crowd was at his doors:
This was a jeweller, and must be paid;
This was a tailor, this had sold perfumes,
This silks, and this confectionery and wine:
They must, they must be paid; they would be paid!

"The lord of Torres is a ruined man!"
So said the cunning lawyer; and they sold
Horses, and hounds, and hawks, and then they said
The house itself must go! The silent lord
Rose up an angry man: "Fetch me my horse!"
Said he; for now a thought had crossed his mind
Wherein lay hope. Alas! he had no horse;
The lord of Torres walked a foot that day!
"I'll seek my friend!" said he, "my right good
friends;

They'll help me in my need, each one of them."
He sought their doors: this saw him through the
blind,

And bade his valet say, he was abroad;
This spoke him pleasantly, and gave him wine,
And pledged him in the cup, his excellent friend!
But when he told the purport of his visit,
He shook his head, and said he had no gold,
Even while he paid a thousand pieces down
For a vain bauble! From another's lips
He heard the mocking words of "spendthrift,"
"beggar."

The lord of Torres turned upon his heel,
And muttered curses while his heart was sad.
"There's yet another friend," said he, "beloved
Beyond them all; for while I held them churls,
This was the chosen brother of my heart!"
The lord of Torres stood beside his gate;
There was a show as for a festival.
"I come in a good hour!" said he to one
Who stood hard by: "what means this merry show?"
"How! know you not," said he, "this very morn
The noble Count hath wedded the fair daughter
Of Baron Vorm!" The young lord's cheek is white,
His brain doth reel, he holds against the gate,
And hides his face that none may see his tears!
He back returned unto his father's house,
And entering in his chamber, barred the door,
And passed a night of sleepless agony!

The lord of Torres was an altered man:
A woe had shadowed o'er his countenance;
His speech was low, and tremulous, and sad;
He bore a wounded heart within his breast.
Then came his aged steward with streaming eyes,
And gave to him a little bag of gold;
"Take it," he said, I won it in thy service,
And in the service of thy noble father!"
The lord of Torres took the old man's hand,
And wept as weeps a child; his heart was touched.
"Take back thy gold," said he; "I wasted mine,
Yet will I not expend thy honest gains:
Friend, take it back: I will not touch thy gold!"

The house was sold; the lands, the lakes were sold;
And debts and charges swallowed up the price;
And now he is a landless, homeless man:
He is no lord, he hath no heritage!
Thomas of Torres, get thee from this place,
What dost thou here? Art like a cursed spie

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Looking into the heaven that thou hast lost?
 Ay, look and long, for yonder do they lie,
 Thy fair lands and thy broad! Poor outcast wretch,
 Thou mayst not set thy foot within those fields;
 Thou mayst not pull a sapling from the hills;
 Thou mayst not enter yon fair mansion-house:
 Another man is called the lord of Torres!
 Out with thee! thou art but a thriftless hind;
 They'll drive thee hence if thou but set thine eyes
 Upon their fair possessions! What art now
 Better than him who wins his bread by toil?
 Better than that poor wretch who lives by alms?
 Thou canst not dig; to beg thou art ashamed:
 Oh, worse than they, thou, one-time, lord of Torres!

DRINKING SONG.

Down, down with the sorrows
 And troubles of earth!
 For what is our life made
 But drinking and mirth!
 Drink and be glad, sirs,
 Laugh and be gay;
 Keep sober to-morrow,
 But drink to-day!

Love's a deceiver,
 He'll cheat if he can;
 Sweet innocent woman
 Is wiser than man!
 Trust her not, trust her not,
 She will deceive!
 Who wins her may gather
 The sea in a sieve!

Laying up money
 Is labour and care;
 All you have toiled for
 Is spent by the heir!
 Knowledge is wearisome,
 Save when the wise
 Study whole volumes
 In beautiful eyes!

So down with the sorrows
 And troubles of earth!
 For what was our life made
 But drinking and mirth!
 Then drink and be glad, sirs,
 Laugh and be gay;
 Keep sober to-morrow,
 But drink to-day!

Legend.

BUBBLES FROM THE BRUNNENS OF NASSAU.

[We have already paid our respects to this pleasant volume, but have reserved the most interesting quotation, (graphic as well as literary,) for the present sheet; its scene being on the road from the little village of Schlangenhad to Mainz.]

Upon a rock overhanging the hamlet (Frauenstein) there stood solemnly before me the remains of the old castle of Frauenstein, or Frankenstein, supposed to have been built in the thirteenth century. In the year 1300 it was sold to the Archbishop Gerhardt, of Mainz, but soon afterwards, being ruined by the Emperor Albrecht I. in a tithe war which he waged against the prelate, it was restored to its original possessors.

But what more than its castle attracted my attention in the village of Frauenstein, was an immense plane tree, the limbs of which had originally been trained almost horizontally, until, unable to support their own weight, they were now maintained by a scaffolding of stout props. Under the parental

shadow of this venerable tree, the children of the village were sitting in every sort of group and attitude; one or two of their mothers, in loose dishabille, were spinning, many people were leaning against the upright scaffolding, and a couple of asses were enjoying the shade of the beautiful foliage, while their drivers were getting tipsy in a wine-shop, the usual sign of which is in Germany the branch of a tree affixed to the door-post.

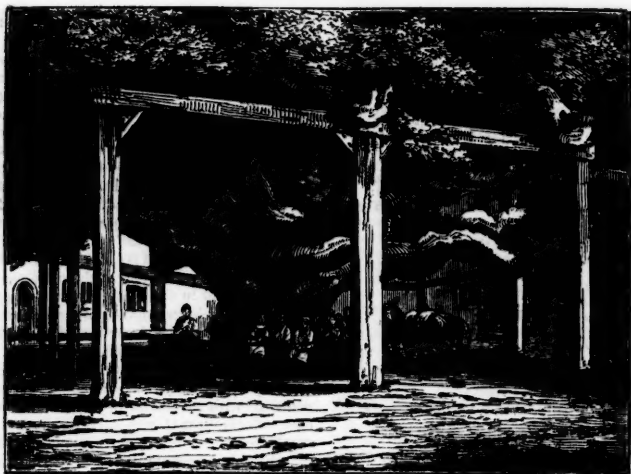
As I had often heard of the celebrated tree of Frauenstein, before which I now stood, I resolved I would not quit it until I had informed myself of its history, for which I well knew I had only to apply to the proper authorities; for in Germany, in every village, there exists a huge volume either deposited in the church, or in charge of an officer called the *Schultheisz*, in which the history of every castle, town, or object of importance is carefully preserved. The young peasant reads it with enthusiastic delight, the old man reflects upon it with silent pride, and to any traveller, searching for antiquarian lore, its venerable pages are most liberally opened, and the simple information they contain generously and gratuitously bestowed.

On inquiring for the history of this beautiful tree, I was introduced to a sort of doomsday book about as large as a church Bible, and when I compared this volume with a little secluded spot so totally unknown to the world as the valley or glen of Frauenstein, I was surprised to find that the autobiography of the latter could be so bulky,—in short, that it had so much to say of itself. But it is the common error of man, and particularly of an old man, to fancy that all his thoughts as well as actions are of vast importance to the world; why, therefore, should not the humble Frauenstein be pardoned for an offence which we are all in the habit of committing?

In this ancient volume, the *rigmarole* history of the tree was told with so much eccentric German genius, it displayed such a graphic description of highborn sentiments and homely life, and altogether it formed so curious a specimen of the contents of these strange sentimental village histories, that I procured the following literal translation, in which the German idiom is faithfully preserved at the expense of our English phraseology.

Legend of the great Plane Tree of Frauenstein.

The old Count Kuno seized with a trembling hand the pilgrim's staff—he wished to seek peace for his soul, for long repentance consumed his life. Years ago he had banished from his presence his blooming son, because he loved a maiden of ignoble race. The son marrying her, secretly withdrew. For some time the Count remained in his castle in good spirits—looked cheerfully down



(The Great Plane Tree of Frauenstein.)

the valley—heard the stream rush under his windows—thought little of perishable life. His tender wife watched over him, and her lovely daughter renovated his sinking life; but he who lives in too great security is marked in the end by the hand of God, and while it takes from him what is most beloved, warns him that here is not our place of abode.

The "Haus-frau" (wife) died, and the Count buried the companion of his days; his daughter was solicited by the most noble of the land, and because he wished to ingraft this last shoot on a noble stem, he allowed her to depart, and then solitary and alone he remained in his fortress. So stands deserted upon the summit of the mountain, with withered top, an oak! moss is its last ornament, the storm sports with its last few dry leaves.

A gay circle no longer fills the vaulted chambers of the castle—no longer through them does the cheerful goblet's "clang" resound. The Count's nightly footsteps echo back to him, and by the glimmer of the chandeliers the accoutred images of his ancestors appear to wreath and move on the wall as if they wished to speak to him. His armour, covered by the web of the vigilant spider, he could not look at without sorrowful emotion. Its gentle creaking against the wall made him shudder.

"Where art thou," he mournfully exclaimed, "thou who art banished? oh, my son, wilt thou think of thy father, as he of thee thinks—or—art thou dead? and is that thy fitting spirit which rustles in my armour and so feebly moves it? Did I but know where to find thee, willingly to the world's

end would I in repentant wandering journey—so heavily it oppresses me, what I have done to thee—I can no longer remain—forth will I go to the God of Mercy, in order, before the image of Christ, in the Garden of Olives, to expiate my sins."

So spoke the aged man—enveloped his trembling limbs in the garb of repentance—took the cockle hat—and seized with the right hand (that formerly was accustomed to the heavy war sword) the light long pilgrim's staff. Quietly he stole out of the castle, the steep path descending, while the porter looked after him astounded, without demanding "Whither?"

For many days the old man's feet bore him wide away; at last he reached a small village, in the middle of which, opposite to a ruined castle, there stands a very ancient plane tree. Five arms, each resembling a stem, bend towards the earth, and almost touch it. The old men of former times were sitting underneath it, in the still evening, just as the Count went by; he was greeted by them, and invited to repose. As he seated himself by their side, "You have a beautiful plane tree, neighbours," he said.

"Yes," replied the oldest of the men, pleased with the praise bestowed by the pilgrim on the tree, "it was nevertheless PLANTED IN BLOOD!"

"How is that?" said the Count.

"That will I also relate," said the old man. "Many years ago there came a young man here, in knightly garb, who had a young woman with him, beautiful and delicate, but, apparently from their long journey, worn out. Pale were her cheeks, and her head, covered

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with beautiful golden locks, hung upon her conductor's shoulder. Timidly he looked round—for from some reason he appeared to fear all men, yet, in compassion for his feeble companion, he wished to conduct her to some secure hut, where her tender feet might repose. There, under that ivy-grown tower, stands a lonely house belonging to the old lord of the castle; thither staggered the unhappy man with his dear burden, but scarcely had he entered the dwelling, than he was seized by the Prince, with whose niece he was clandestinely eloping. Then was the noble youth brought bound, and where this plane tree now spreads its roots flowed his young blood! The maiden went into a convent; but before she disappeared, she had this plane tree planted on the spot where the blood of her lover flowed: since then it is as if a spirit life were in the tree that cannot die, and no one likes a little twig to cut off, or pluck a cluster of blossoms, because he fears it would bleed."

"God's will be done!" exclaimed suddenly the old Count, and departed.

"That is an odd man," said the most venerable of the peasants, eyeing the stranger who was hastening away; "he must have something that heavily oppresses his soul, for he speaks not, and hastens away; but, neighbours, the evening draws on apace, and the evenings in spring are not warm; I think in the white clouds yonder, towards the Rhine, are still concealed some snow-storms—let us come to the warm hearth."

The neighbours went their way, while the aged Count, in deep thought, passed up through the village, at the end of which he found himself before the churchyard. Terrific black crosses looked upon the traveller—the graves were netted over with brambles and wild roses—no foot tore asunder the entwinement. On the right hand of the road there stands a crucifix, hewn with rude art. From a recess in its pedestal a flame rises towards the bloody feet of the image, from a lamp nourished by the hand of devotion.

"Man of sorrow," thus ascended the prayer of the traveller, "give me my son again—by thy wounds and sufferings give me peace—peace!"

He spoke, and turning round towards the mountain, he followed a narrow path which conducted him to a brook, close under the flinty, pebbly grape hill. The soft murmurs of its waves rippling here and there over clear, bright stones, harmonized with his deep devotion. Here the Count found a boy and a girl, who, having picked flowers, were watching them carried away as they threw them into the current.

When these children saw the pilgrim's reverend attire, they arose—looked up—seized the old man's hand, and kissed it. "God bless thee, children!" said the pil-

grim, whom the touch of their little hands pleased. "Seating himself on the ground, he said, "Children, give me to drink out of your pitcher."

"You will find it taste good out of it, stranger-man," said the little girl; "it is our father's pitcher in which we carry him to drink upon the vine-hill. Look, yonder he works upon the burning rocks—alas! ever since the break of day; our mother often takes out food to him."

"Is that your father," said the Count, "who with the heavy pickaxe is tearing up the ground so manfully, as if he would crush the rocks beneath?"

"Yes," said the boy, "our father must sweat a good deal before the mountain will bring forth grapes; but when the vintage comes, then how gay is the scene!"

"Where does thy father dwell, boy?"

"There in the valley beneath, where the white gable end peeps between the trees; come with us, stranger-man, our mother will most gladly receive you, for it is her greatest joy when a tired wanderer calls in upon us."

"Yes," said the little girl, "then we always have the best dishes; therefore do come—I will conduct thee."

So saying, the little girl seized the old Count's hand, and drew him forth—the boy on the other side, keeping up with them, sprung backwards and forwards, continually looking kindly at the stranger, and thus, slowly advancing, they arrived at the hut.

The Haus-frau (wife) was occupied in blowing the light ashes to awaken a slumbering spark, as the pilgrim entered: at the voices of her children she looked up, saw the stranger, and raised herself immediately; advancing towards him with a cheerful countenance, she said—

"Welcome, reverend pilgrim, in this poor hut—if you stand in need of refreshment after your toilsome pilgrimage, seek it from us; do not carry the blessing which you bring with you farther."

Having thus spoken, she conducted the old man into the small but clean room. When he had sat down, he said—

"Woman! thou hast pretty and animated children; I wish I had such a boy as that!"

"Yes!" said the Haus-frau, "he resembles his father—free and courageously he often goes alone upon the mountain, and speaks of castles he will build there. Ah! sir, if you knew how heavy that weighs upon my heart!" (the woman concealed a tear.)

"Counsel may here be had," said the Count; "I have no son, and will of yours, if you will give him me, make a knight—my castle will some of these days be empty—no robust son bears my arms."

"Dear mother!" said the boy, "if the castle of the aged man is empty, I can surely, when I am big, go thither."

"And leave me here alone?" said the mother.

"No! you will also go," said the boy warmly; "how beautiful is it to look from the height of a castle into the valley beneath!"

"He has a true knightly mind," said the Count; "is he born here in the valley?"

"Prayer and labour," said the mother, "is God's command, and they are better than all the knightly honours that you can promise the boy—he will, like his father, cultivate the vine, and trust to the blessing of God, who rain and sunshine gives: knights sit in their castles and know not how much labour, yet how much blessing and peace can dwell in a poor man's hut! My husband was oppressed with heavy sorrow; alas! on my account was his heartfelt grief; but since he found this hut, and works here, he is much more cheerful than formerly; from the tempest of life he has entered the harbour of peace—patiently he bears the heat of the day, and when I pity him he says, 'Wife, I am indeed now happy; yet frequently a troubled thought appears to pierce his soul—I watch him narrowly—a tear then steals down his brown cheeks. Ah! surely he thinks of the place of his birth—of a now very aged, grey father—and whilst I see you, a tear also comes to me—so is perhaps now—'"

At this minute, the little girl interrupted her, pulled her gently by the gown, and spoke—

"Mother! come into the kitchen; our father will soon be home."

"You are right," said the mother, leaving the room, "in conversation I forget myself."

In deep meditation the aged Count sat and thought, "Where may then this night my son sleep—?"

Suddenly he was roused from his deep melancholy by the lively boy who had taken an old hunting spear from the corner of the room, and placing himself before the Count said—

"See! thus my father kills the wild boar on the mountains—there runs one along! My father cries 'Huy!' and immediately the wild boar throws himself upon the hunter's spear; the spear sticks deep into the brain! it is hard enough to draw it out!" The boy made actions as if the boar was there.

"Right so, my boy!" said the aged man; "but does thy father then often hunt upon these mountains?"

"Yes! that he does, and the neighbours praise him highly, and call him the valiant extirpator, because he kills the boars which destroy the corn!"

In the midst of this conversation, the father entered, his wife ran towards him, pressed his sinewy hand, and spoke—

"You have had again a hot labouring day!"

"Yes," said the man, "but I find the heavy pickaxe light in hand when I think of you. God is gracious to the industrious and honest labourer, and that he feels truly when he has sweated through a long day."

"Our father is without!" cried suddenly the boy; threw the hunter's spear into the middle of the room, and ran forwards. The little girl was already hanging at his knees.

"Good evening, father," cried the boy; "come quick into the room—there sits a stranger-man—a pilgrim whom I have brought to you!"

"Ah! there you have done well," said the father; "one must not allow one tired to pass one's gate without inviting him in. Dear wife," continued he, "does not labour well reward itself, when one can receive and refresh a wanderer? Bring us a glass of our best home-grown wine—I do not know why I am so gay to-day, and why I do not experience the slightest fatigue."

Thus spoke the husband—went into the room—pressed the hand of the stranger, and spoke—

"Welcome, pious pilgrim! your object is so praiseworthy; a draught taken with so brave a man must taste doubly good!"

They sat down opposite to each other, in a room half dark, the children sat upon their father's knees.

"Relate to us something, father, as usual!" said the boy.

"That won't do to-day," replied the father; "for we have a guest here—but what does my hunter's spear do there? have you been again playing with it? carry it away into the corner."

"You have there," said the pilgrim, "a young knight who knows already how to kill boars—also you are, I hear, a renowned hunter in this valley, therefore you have something of the spirit of a knight in you."

"Yes!" said the vine-labourer, "old love rusts not, neither does the love of arms; so often as I look upon that spear, I wish it were there for some use—formerly—but, aged sir, we will not think of the past! Wife! bring to the revered—"

At this minute the Haus-frau entered, placed a jug and goblets on the table, and said—

"May it refresh and do thee good!"

"That it does already," said the pilgrim, "presented by so fair a hand, and with such a friendly countenance!"

The Haus-frau poured out, and the men drank, striking their glasses with a good clank; the little girl slipped down from her father's knee, and ran with the mother into the kitchen; the boy looked wistfully into his father's eyes smilingly, and then towards the pitcher—the father understood him, and gave him some wine; he became more and more lively, and again smiled at the pitcher.

"This boy will never be a peaceful vine-labourer, as I am," said the father; "he has something of the nature of his grandfather in him; hot and hasty, but in other respects a good-hearted boy—brave and honourable."

—Alas! the remembrance of what is painful is most apt to assail one, by a cheerful glass.—If he did but see thee—thou—child of the best and most affectionate mother—on thy account he would not any longer be offended with thy father and mother; thy innocent gambols would rejoice his old age—in thee would he see the fire of his youth revived again—but—"

"What dost thou say there," said the pilgrim, stopping him abruptly; "explain that more fully to me!"

"Perhaps I have already said too much reverend father, but ascribe it to the wine, which makes one talkative; I will no more afflict thee with my unfortunate history."

"Speak!" said the pilgrim, vehemently and beseechingly, "Speak! who art thou?"

"What connexion hast thou with the world, pious pilgrim, that you can still trouble yourself about one who has suffered much, and who has now arrived at the port of peace?"

"Speak!" said the pilgrim, "I must know thy history."

"Well!" replied he, "let it be!—I was not born a vine-labourer—a noble stem has engendered me—but love for a maiden drove me from my home."

"Love?" cried the pilgrim, moved.

"Yes! I loved a maiden, quite a child of nature, not of greatness—my father was displeased—in a sudden burst of passion he drove me from him—wicked relations, who, he being childless, would inherit, inflamed his wrath against me, and he, whom I yet honour, and who also surely still cherishes me in his heart—he—"

The pilgrim suddenly rose and went to the door.

"What is the matter with thee?" said the astonished vine-labourer; "has this affected thee too much?"

The boy sprang after the aged man, and held him by the hand. "Thou wilt not depart, pilgrim?" said he.

At this minute the Haus-frau entered with a light. At one glance into the countenance of the vine-labourer the aged Count exclaimed, "My Son!" and fell motionless into his arms. As his senses returned, the father and son recognised each other. Adelaide, the noble, faithful wife, weeping, held the hands of the aged man, while the children knelt before him.

"Pardon, father!" said the son.

"Grant it to me!" replied the pilgrim, "and grant to your father a spot in your quiet harbour of peace, where he may end his days. Son! thou art of a noble nature,

and thy lovely wife is worthy of thee—thy children will resemble thee—no ignoble blood runs in their veins. Henceforth, bear my arms; but, as an honourable remembrance for posterity, add to them a pilgrim and the pickaxe, that henceforth no man of high birth may conceive that labour degrades man—or despise the peasant who in fact nourishes and protects the nobleman."

Natural History.

GLEANINGS IN NATURAL HISTORY. SECOND SERIES.

By Edward Jesse, Esq.

[We noticed the first series of these delightful "Gleanings" in such terms as to induce the reader to look for its successor with no ordinary anxiety, which must be fully gratified by the volume before us. It is, in fact, what many a book has promised to be, the Note-book of an Observer of Nature; for the writer, (who is Surveyor of his Majesty's parks, palaces, &c.) has made these gleanings or observations during his various rides in the parks, and written down in the evening whatever interested him in the course of the day. He is, therefore, no closet naturalist, or philosophical speculator, but, with singleness of purpose, which, we hope, will not be misconstrued, he confesses himself completely ignorant of the scientific part of natural history; yet is he more of a "Field Naturalist" than if he were professor of all the natural sciences. His little book beams with enthusiastic and genuine love of nature; he is not stiffened with philosophy or the fantasies of over-education, which designing men are just now turning to their own profit; for in one of his pages, Mr. Jesse observes with simplicity which may subject him to animadversion: "Could I but see our peasantry prosperous and happy, all their little superstitious, their prejudices, and their many virtues would only serve to increase the gratification I should experience in living among them." One of the most welcome features of this work is its religious and moral feeling blended with the writer's admiration of natural beauties; for he, kind-hearted man he must be, writes in his preface:]

It has been well said that Religion and Nature, like two sisters, should always walk hand in hand, that they may reciprocally aid and assist each other. It is with this impression that I have ventured to draw the attention of my readers, in a few instances, to those beautiful traits in Nature which prove, (at least to my feelings,) not only that there is a great Parent of the universe, but that He is always engaged for the benefit of His creatures. Feeble as may be my attempts to do good, I should greatly regret if I thought they would be altogether fruitless. The human mind perhaps knows no pleasure

greater than the consciousness of having been useful to others.

[These few lines should be a lesson for those public instructors who are straining at mental apart from religious improvement.

Mr. Jesse's volume is enriched with the contributions of a few observant friends, as well as with some extracts from the unpublished MSS. of the late Mr. White, of Selborne, and of the interesting character of the whole we shall proceed to quote a few specimens.]

Affection in Animals.

An instance of the affection of beasts for their young recently occurred in Bushy Park. A cow, for some reason or other, was driven from that place, and sold in Smithfield market, her calf being left at the head-keeper's yard in the park. Early the next morning she was found at the gate of the yard, having made her way through all the intricacies and impediments of London, and traversed twelve miles of road in order to get to her calf again. She must also have watched the opportunity when the park gates were opened to get through them.

Such is the jealous care which a cat shows for her kittens that I have known one to remove a whole litter to the leads at the top of a house after they had been handled by a stranger, though she had previously allowed every inmate of the house to touch them.

In riding about the King's Parks, I have frequently observed a doe come up to a dog, who has approached the lair where her fawn was concealed, and putting her feet together, she has made a spring and alighted upon the dog, frequently either maiming or killing it. A friend of mine observed an instance of this courage in a doe. He was walking in Hagley Park, Worcestershire, with a party of friends, when the discharge of a gamekeeper's gun reverberated through the trees and hills of that lovely scene. Soon afterwards a bleeding fawn bounded by, followed by the keeper's hound, and, in close pursuit of the hound, came a doe, the dam of the wounded fawn. Loss of blood (which, trickling down copiously, marked the course of the poor alarmed creature) so weakened it, that the dog soon brought it to the ground near the spot where the party stood observing the incident. The parent doe, losing all her natural timidity in affection for her offspring, attacked the hound with the utmost ferocity; nor did the interference of the keeper intimidate her. Having terminated the sufferings of her young one with his knife, he carried it from the place: and when the dam, as if agitated by excessive grief, had surveyed the pool of blood, she followed the dead fawn and its destroyers, uttering a tremulous cry of maternal distress. This cry I often hear during the season for killing fawns, and it is one of peculiar agony.

A cat belonging to Mr. Smith, the respect-

able bailiff and agent of the Earl of Lucan, at Laleham, is in the constant habit of taking her place on the rug before the parlour fire. She had been deprived of all her litter of kittens but one, and her milk probably incommoded her. I mention this, in order to account in some degree for the following circumstance. One evening as the family were seated round the fire, they observed a mouse make its way from the cupboard which was near the fire-place, and lay itself down on the stomach of the cat, as a kitten would do when she is going to suck. Surprised at what they saw, and afraid of disturbing the mouse, which appeared to be full grown, they did not immediately ascertain whether it was in the act of sucking or not. After remaining with the cat a considerable length of time, it returned to the cupboard. These visits were repeated on several other occasions, and were witnessed by many persons. The cat not only appeared to expect the mouse, but uttered that sort of greeting purr which the animal is so well known to make use of when she is invited by her kitten. The mouse had every appearance of being in the act of sucking the cat; but such was its vigilance, that it retreated as soon as a hand was put out to take it up. When the cat, after being absent, returned to the room, her greeting call was made, and the mouse came to her. The attachment which existed between these two incongruous animals could not be mistaken, and it lasted some time. The fate of the mouse, like that of most pets, was a melancholy one. During the absence of its nurse, a strange cat came into the room. The poor mouse, mistaking her for its old friend and protectress, ran out to meet her, and was immediately seized and slain before it could be rescued from her clutches. The grief of the foster-mother was extreme. On returning to the parlour she made her usual call, but no mouse came to meet her. She was restless and uneasy, went mewing about the house, and showed her distress in the most marked manner. What rendered the anecdote I have been relating the more extraordinary, is the fact of the cat being an excellent mouser, and that during the time she was showing so much fondness for the mouse, she was preying upon others with the utmost avidity. She is still alive.

Thieving Raven.

The propensity which the raven has to hide things is one of the peculiarities of its character. Many persons must recollect a raven, which used to hop about amongst the workmen employed in the construction of the bridge, at the top of the Serpentine river in Hyde Park. This bird, from its familiarity and odd habits, attracted at the time the notice of many persons, and amongst others that of a friend of mine. He constantly noticed and made many inquiries respecting

it. It was taken from a nest on the top of an elm tree in Hyde Park, with two or three others, all of which died. The one in question, however, survived, and became perfectly tame and sociable. It haunted the spot I have mentioned, and would sometimes take long flights and be absent some days, but always returned to the bridge. One day a lady was passing over it, and dropped a valuable bracelet. She turned round to pick it up, but before she could do so, the raven had seized and immediately flew away with it out of sight. It was conjectured that he had a hiding place in some distant tree, where probably, at some future time, the bracelet and other things may be found. The fate of this raven was a melancholy one. He was stolen, and was not heard of for a long time. At last, however, he returned, and one of his wings was cut. He was unable, therefore, to resume his former habits, and moped about, and one morning he was found dead in the Serpentine river, to the great regret of many of his admirers.

Generation of Eels.

[In his first series, Mr. Jesse concluded that eels were viviparous: Mr. Yarrell, on the other hand, thought them oviparous, and he has convinced Mr. Jesse of his error. Several pages are occupied by a paper by Mr. Yarrell on this interesting problem in Natural History; but we can only quote a portion of Mr. Jesse's proofs.]

I have had frequent conversations with Mr. Yarrell on the subject, and it was agreed that I should endeavour to supply him with a large eel for dissection, about once a fortnight throughout that portion of the year in which it was considered that eels matured their roe. This I have accordingly done, having procured one either from the river Thames, or the Longford river which runs through Bushy Park, but generally from the latter, the eels having been taken in a trap at the mill on Hampton Common. Some of these, on one occasion, were dissected by Mr. Yarrell at my house in the presence of several scientific gentlemen, and no doubt remained on the minds of any of those present that what have been called the "fringes" of eels, are in fact roe, each grain or particle being very minute, but quite apparent when seen through a magnifying glass.

In order to corroborate as much as possible the fact of eels being oviparous, I will mention the following circumstance. A respectable gardener, and also an old angler, in this neighbourhood, of the name of Sylvester, lately informed me, that as he heard I had been making inquiries respecting eels, he had called to tell me all he knew respecting them. He told me, that fishing one day in the month of March, he caught an eel, about three quarters of a pound in weight, whose stomach was so much distended that

he thought it must have swallowed a roach or gudgeon. On returning home he opened it and found it full of roe. On asking him to mention the position and size of the roe, he described it as about the length and almost the size of his finger, running down to the vent on each side of the back bone of the fish, and on describing the fringes to him, which I find our Thames fishermen call the *fat* of eels, he immediately said that the roe was only an enlargement of them. He described the vent of the eel as appearing much inflamed, and the particles of roe as being extremely small, observing that he thought it would have been discharged in the course of a day or two. The eel was caught on a mild day otherwise he thought it would have *gone to bed*, as he expressed it, and that it got into the mud, where as he supposes, they bring forth their spawn. Sylvester offered, if I entertained any doubt of the accuracy of his statement, to make an affidavit of the truth of it before a magistrate.

As the term *eel-fair* may not generally be understood as applied to the vernal movement of these fish, I may mention that an old custom formerly existed amongst the Thames fishermen of keeping a sort of holiday on the occasion of the first appearance of the young eels in the river. Indeed the eel was a fish of no small value and importance to them, as they chiefly got their living by catching them in their traps, weirs, and eel-pots, and therefore the annual migration of the young eels was looked upon probably as a fair, or public festivity. On looking, however, into Rees' Cyclopædia, under the article *eel*, it is mentioned cursorily that "eel fares is used for the fry or brood of eels." A *fare* of pigs is a common mode, in the country, of mentioning the number of pigs a sow has recently produced, and is perhaps the origin of the word farrow. It is not improbable, therefore, that this mention of eel-fares in Rees, may be one and the same thing with our eel-fair of the Thames. I should, however, add that the verb *to fare*, signifies to travel or to voyage, and as the annual performance of the eel is an undoubted act of this nature, *fare* may be a proper term to apply to their migration in this sense of the word.

(Continued in the No. published with the present.)

Crabets.

JOURNAL OF A WEST INDIA PROPRIETOR.
By the late M. G. Lewis, Esq., M.P.

[THE advertisement to this book is as brief as can be wished:—"The following Journals of two residences in Jamaica in 1815-16, and in 1817, are now printed from the MS. of Mr. Lewis; who died at sea, on the voyage homewards from the West Indies, in the year 1818." What! a work by Mr. (vulgo *Monk*) Lewis lay fourteen years torpid in pen and

ink! some weasel must have slept! Lord Byron said, or rather sung:

"I would give many a sugar-cane,
Mat Lewis were alive again."

—and here he is in the plenitude of whim, humour, and anecdote. Would that the master-poet were here too to witness Lewis in resuscitation in these 400 pages of as entertaining type as ever filled fair paper. Without more ado we shall set sail on our pleasant voyage through the volume, in our selection, omitting the dates of the incidents and substituting title lines.]

Contrary Wind.

The wind continues contrary, and the weather is as disagreeable and perverse as it can well be; indeed, I understand that in these latitudes nothing can be expected but heavy gales or dead calms, which makes them particularly pleasant for sailing, especially as the calms are by far the most disagreeable of the two: the wind steadies the ship; but when she creeps as slowly as she does at present (scarcely going a mile in four hours), she feels the whole effect of the sea breaking against her, and rolls backwards and forwards with every billow as it rises and falls. In the mean while, every thing seems to be in a state of the most active motion, except the ship; while we are carrying a spoonful of soup to our mouths, the remainder takes the "glorious golden opportunity" to empty itself into our laps, and the glasses and salt-cellars carry on a perpetual domestic warfare during the whole time of dinner, like the Guelphs and the Ghibellines. Nothing is so common as to see a roast goose suddenly jump out of its dish in the middle of dinner, and make a frisk from one end of the table to the other; and we are quite in the habit of laying wagers which of the two boiled fowls will arrive at the bottom first.

N.B. To-day the fowl without the liver wing was the favourite, but the knowing ones were taken in; the uncarved one carried it hollow.

Night at Sea.

The moon now does not rise till near ten o'clock, and during her absence the size and brilliancy of the stars are admirable. In England they always seemed to me (to borrow a phrase of Shakspeare's, which, in truth, is not worth borrowing,) to "peep through the blanket of the dark;" but here the heavens appear to be studded with them on the outside, as if they were chased with so many jewels: it is really Milton's "firmament of living sapphires;" and what with the lightning, the stars, and the quantity of floating lights which just gleamed round the ship every moment, and then were gone again, to-night the sky had an effect so beautiful, that when at length the moon thought proper to show her great, red, drunken face, I thought that we did much better without her.

Crossing the Line.

At three o'clock this afternoon we entered the tropic of Cancer; and if our wind continues tolerably favourable, we may expect to see Antigua on Sunday se'nnight. On crossing the line, it was formerly usual for ships to receive a visit from an old gentleman and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Cancer: the husband was, by profession, a barber; and, probably, the scullion, who insisted so peremptorily on shaving Sancho at the duke's castle, had served an apprenticeship to Mr. Cancer, for their mode of proceeding was much alike, and, indeed, very peculiar: the old gentleman always made a point of using a rusty iron hoop instead of a razor, tar for soap, and an empty beef-barrel was, in his opinion, the very best possible substitute for a basin; in consequence of which, instead of paying him for shaving them, people of taste were disposed to pay for not being shaved; and as Mrs. Cancer happened to be particularly partial to gin (when good), the gift of a few bottles was generally successful in rescuing the donor's chin from the hands of her husband; however, to-day this venerable pair "peradventure were sleeping, or on a journey," for we neither saw nor heard anything about them.

Catching a Dolphin.

We caught a dolphin, but not with the spear: he gorged a line which was fastened to the stern, and baited with salt pork; but being a very large and strong fish, his efforts to escape were so powerful, that it was feared that he would break the line, and a *grainse* (as the dolphin-spear is technically termed) was thrown at him: he was struck, and three of the prongs were buried in his side; yet, with a violent effort, he forced them out again, and threw the lance up into the air. I am not much used to take pleasure in the sight of animal suffering; but if Pythagoras himself had been present, and "of opinion that the soul of his grandam might haply inhabit" this dolphin, I think he must still have admired the force and agility displayed in his endeavours to escape. Imagination can picture nothing more beautiful than the colours of this fish: while covered by the waves he was entirely green; and as the water gave him a case of transparent crystal, he really looked like one solid piece of living emerald; when he sprang into the air, or swam fatigued upon the surface, his fins alone preserved their green, and the rest of his body appeared to be of the brightest yellow, his scales shining like gold wherever they caught the sun, while the blood which, as long as he remained in the sea, continued to spout in great quantities, forced its way upwards through the water, like a wreath of crimson smoke, and then dispersed itself in several globules among the spray. From the

great loss of blood, his colours soon became paler; but when he was at length safely landed on deck, and beating himself to death against the flooring, agony renewed all the lustre of his tints: his fins were still green and his body golden, except his back, which was olive, shot with bright deep blue; his head and belly became silvery, and the spots with which the latter was mottled changed, with incessant rapidity, from deep olive to the most beautiful azure. Gradually his brilliant tints disappeared: they were succeeded by one uniform shade of slate colour; and when he was quite dead, he exhibited nothing but dirty brown and dull dead white. As soon as all was over with him, the first thing done was to convert one of his fins into the resemblance of a flying fish, for the purpose of decoying other dolphins; and the second, to order some of the present gentleman to be got ready for dinner. He measured above four feet and a half.

Shark Story.

As I am particularly fond of proofs of conjugal attachment between animals (in the human species they are so universal that I set no store by them), an instance of that kind which the captain related to me this morning gave me great pleasure. While lying in Black River harbour, Jamaica, two sharks were frequently seen playing about the ship; at length the female was killed, and the desolation of the male was excessive. What he did *without* her remains a secret, but what he did *with* her was clear enough; for scarce was the breath out of his Eurydice's body, when he stuck his teeth in her, and began to eat her up with all possible expedition. Even the sailors felt their sensibility excited by so peculiar a mark of poshumous attachment; and to enable him to perform this melancholy duty the more easily, they offered to be his carvers, lowered their boat, and proceeded to chop his better half in pieces with their hatchets; while the widower opened his jaws as wide as possible, and gulped down pounds upon pounds of the dear departed as fast as they were thrown to him, with the greatest delight and all the avidity imaginable. I make no doubt that all the while he was eating, he was thoroughly persuaded that every morsel which went into his stomach would make its way to his heart directly! "She was perfectly consistent," he said to himself; "she was excellent through life, and really she's extremely good now she's dead!" and then, "unable to conceal his pain,"

"He sigh'd and swallow'd, and sigh'd and swallow'd,
And sigh'd and swallow'd again."

I doubt, whether the annals of Hymen can produce a similar instance of post-obitaf affection. Certainly Calderon's "*Amor despues de la Muerte*" has nothing that is worthy to be compared to it; nor do I recol-

lect in history any fact at all resembling it, except perhaps a circumstance which is recorded respecting Cambletes, King of Lydia, a monarch equally remarkable for his voracity and uxoriousness; and who, being one night completely overpowered by sleep, and at the same time violently tormented by hunger, ate up his queen without being conscious of it, and was mightily astonished, the next morning, to wake with her hand in his mouth, the only bit that was left of her. But then, Cambletes was quite unconscious what he was doing; whereas, the shark's mark of attachment was evidently intentional. It may, however, be doubted, from the voracity with which he ate, whether his conduct on this occasion was not as much influenced by the sentiment of hunger as of love: and if he were absolutely on the point of starving, Tasso might have applied to this couple, with equal truth, although with somewhat a different meaning, what he says of his "*Amanti e Sposi*;"

— "Pende

D'un foto sol e l'una e l'altra vita:"

for if Madam Shark had not died first, Monsieur must have died himself for want of a dinner.

(Continued in the No. published with the present.)

Sir John Moore.

THE LIFE OF LIEUT. GEN. SIR JOHN MOORE, K. B.

By his Brother, James Carrick Moore.

[We have only space to quote from this important work the following page, detailing the last moments of Moore, at Corunna.]

The French having brought up reserves, the battle raged fiercely: fire flashing amidst the smoke, and shot flying from the adverse guns; when Captain Hardinge* rode up and reported that the Guards were coming quickly. As he spoke, Sir John Moore was struck to the ground by a cannon-ball, which lacerated his left shoulder and chest.

He had half-raised himself, when Hardinge having dismounted, caught his hand; and the General grasped his strongly, and gazed with anxiety at the Highlanders, who were fighting courageously; and when Hardinge said "They are advancing," his countenance lightened.

Colonel Graham now came up, and imagined, from the composure of the General's features, that he had only fallen accidentally, until he saw blood welling from his wound. Shocked at the sight, he rode off for surgeons. Hardinge tried in vain to stop the effusion of blood with his sash: then by the help of some Highlanders and Guardsmen, he placed the General upon a blanket. In lifting him, his sword became entangled, and Hardinge

* At present Major-General Sir Henry Hardinge.

endeavoured to unbuckle the belt to take it off; when he said with soldierly feelings, "It is as well as it is; I had rather it should go out of the field with me."

His serenity was so striking, that Hardinge began to hope the wound was not mortal; he expressed this opinion, and said, that he trusted the surgeons would confirm it, and that he would still be spared to them.

Sir John turned his head, and cast his eyes steadily on the wounded part, and then replied, "No, Hardinge, I feel that to be impossible. You need not go with me; report to General Hope that I am wounded and carried to the rear." He was then raised from the ground by a Highland sergeant and three soldiers, and slowly conveyed towards Corunna.

The soldiers had not carried Sir John Moore far, when two surgeons came running to his aid. They had been employed in dressing the shattered arm of Sir David Baird; who, hearing of the disaster which had occurred to the commander, generously ordered them to desist, and hasten to give him help. But Moore, who was bleeding fast, said to them, "You can be of no service to me: go to the wounded soldiers, to whom you may be useful; and he ordered the bearers to move on. But as they proceeded, he repeatedly made them turn round to view the battle, and to listen to the firing; the sound of which, becoming gradually fainter, indicated that the French were retreating.

Before he reached Corunna it was almost dark, and Colonel Anderson met him; who seeing his general borne from the field of battle for the third and last time, and steeped in blood, became speechless with anguish. Moore pressed his hand, and said in a low tone, "Anderson, don't leave me." As he was carried into the house, his faithful servant François came out, and stood aghast with horror: but his master, to console him, said smiling, "My friend, this is nothing."

He was then placed on a mattress on the floor, and supported by Anderson, who had saved his life at St. Lucia; and some of the gentlemen of his staff came into the room by turns. He asked each, as they entered if the French were beaten, and was answered affirmatively. They stood around; the pain of his wound became excessive, and deadly paleness overspread his fine features; yet, with unsubdued fortitude, he said at intervals, "Anderson, you know that I have always wished to die this way. I hope the people of England will be satisfied! I hope my country will do me justice!"

"Anderson, you will see my friends as soon as you can. Tell them—everything. Say to my mother—" Here his voice faltered, he became excessively agitated, and not being able to proceed, changed the subject.

"Hope! Hope! I have much to say to him; but cannot get it out. Are Colonel Graham,† and all my aides-de-camp, safe?" (At this question, Anderson, who knew the warm regard of the General towards the officers of his staff, made a private sign not to mention that Captain Burrard‡ was mortally wounded.) He then continued:

"I have made my will, and have remembered my servants. Colborne§ has my will, and all my papers." As he spoke these words, Major Colborne, his military secretary, entered the room. He addressed him with his wonted kindness; then, turning to Anderson, said, "Remember you go to Willoughby Gordon,|| and tell him it is my request, and that I expect he will give a Lieutenant-Colonelcy to Major Colborne; he has been long with me, and I know him to be most worthy of it."

He then asked the Major, who had come last from the field, "Have the French been beaten?" He assured him they had on every point. "It's a great satisfaction," he said, "for me to know that we have beaten the French. Is Paget¶ in the room?" On being told he was not, he resumed, "Remember me to him; he is a fine fellow."

Though visibly sinking, he then said, I feel myself so strong; I fear I shall be long dying. It's great uneasiness: it's great pain.

"Every thing François says is right. I have great confidence in him." He thanked the surgeons for their attendance. Then seeing Captains Percy** and Stanhope,†† two of his aides-de-camp, enter, he spoke to them kindly, and repeated to them the question, "If all my aides-de-camp were safe;" and was pleased on being told they were.

After a pause, Stanhope caught his eye, and he said to him, "Stanhope! remember me to your sister.†† He then became silent. Death, undreaded, approached; and the spirit departed, leaving the bleeding body an oblation offered up to his country.

* Sir John Hope, who succeeded to the command; afterwards the Earl of Hopetown.

† Of Balgown, now Lord Lynedoch.

‡ A very promising officer, son of Sir Harry Burrard.

§ Now Sir John Colborne, and Major General.

|| Sir Willoughby Gordon, Secretary to the Duke of York, &c.

¶ The Honourable Brigadier Paget, who commanded the reserve; since Sir Edward, and a Lieutenant-General.

** The Honourable Captain Percy, son of the Earl of Beverley.

†† The Honourable Captain Stanhope, son of Earl Stanhope.

††† The Lady Hester Stanhope, niece to William Pitt.

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